" FOR THE KING." NORTHERN MEXICO, 16405 As you look from the plaza of Leon, west You see her house, but the view is best From the porch of the church where she lies at reere much of her past still lives, I think,

In the scowling brows and sidelong blink Of the worshipping throng that rise and sink To the waven scints that, yellow and lank, Lean out from their niches, rank on rank, With a bloodless Savier on either flank;

In the gouty pillars, whose cracks begin To show the *adobe* core within— A soul of earth in a whitewashed skin.

And ! think that the moral of all, you'll say, Is the aculptured legend that modes away On a toub in the choir: " Por el Rey,"

** Por el Rey." Well, the King is gone, Ages ago, and the Hapsburg one Shot—but the rock of the Church lives on,

"Por el Rey." What matters, indeed,
If King or President succeed—
To a country baggard with sloth and greed, As long as one granary is fat,

And youder priest, is a shovel-hat, Peeps out from the bin like a sleek brown rat? What matters? Naught, if it serves to bring The legend nearer—no other thing— We'll spare the moral, "Live the King,"

Two hundred years ago they say, The Vicercy, Marquis of Monte-Rey, Rode with his retinate, that way. Grave as befitted Spain's Grandee, Grave as the substitute should be Qf His Most Cathelic Majesty—

Yet from his black plums's curving grace To his sinn, black gauntlet's smaller space, Exquisite as a piece of lace!

Two handred years ago—e'en so— The Marquis stopped where the time-trees blow, Winfo Leon's Seneschal beut him low And begged that the Marquis would that night tak

The house, and all that it might infold, As his wish the bride scarce three days old.

Be sure that the Marquis, in his place, Replied to all with the measured grace Of chosen speech and unmoved face,

The ham of the lady's role, who kept Her place as her hasband backward stept. And then (I know not how nor why)
A subtle flacte in the lady's eye—
Unseen by the courtiers standing by—

Burned through his how and titled wreath, Burned through his body's jeweled sheath, Till it touched the steet of the man beneath!

(And yes, machin, no more was meant. Than to point a well-worn compliment, And the lasty's beauty, her worse intent

Howhert, the Marquis bowed again : Who takes with nwe wen serveth Spain, But best whose law is love made plain,

Be sure that night no pillow pressed. The redeschal, but with the rest Watched—as was due a royal guest—

Watched from the wall till he saw the square Fill with the moonlight, white and bare, Watched till he saw two shadows fare

Out from his garden, where the shade That the old church-lower and belfry made, Like a benedictory hand was laid.

Few words spoke the Seneschal as he turned. To the hearest sentry: "These monks have learned. That stolen fruit is sweetly carned. "My-eff shall punish you acolyte Who galbers my parden grapes by night; Meanwhile, wast those till the morning-light,"

Yet not till the sun was riding high

Did the sentry meet his commander's eye, Nor then—till the viceroy, steed by, To the lovers of grave formalities. No greeting was ever so fine, I wis, As this host's and guest's high courtesies!

The Seneschal feared, as the wind was west, The Viceroy languagy confessed

That cores of State—he dured to say— Some fears that the King could not repay The thoughtful zeni of his host, some way

Had marred his rest. Yet he trusted much None stared his wakertiness! Though at Indeed hight be! If he dared to teach A theme so fine—the bride, perchance, Still curps? At least, they missed her giance To give this greeting countenance.

Be some that the Seneschal, in turn, Was decly bowed with the grave concern Of the painful news his guest should learn

's Last night, to her father's dying bed By a prices was the lady summinded; Nor know we yet now well she sped,

"But hope for the best," The grave Viceroy (Though proved his visit had such alloy) Must still with the Schesenii great joy

Of a brade so true to her filial trust! Yet now, as the day waxed on, they must To horse, if ency'd escape the noonday dust, "Nay," said the Senescial, "at least To mend the news of this funeral priest, Myse, I shall ride as your escort east,"

The Vicercy bowed. Then turned aside To the nearest follower: "With me ride-You and Feripe-on either side.

"And hat? Should snything me befall, Mischance of ambuch or musicet-ball Cleave to his saddle you Seneschal!

"No more." Then gravely in accepts clear Took formal leave of his late good caser; Whiles the seneschal whisper-in musketeer, Carelessiy stroking his pommul-top, "If from the saddle ye see me drop, Riddle me quickly you seleran fop!"

So these, with many a compliment, Each on me one dark thought intent, With grave petitine s onward went.

Riding high, and in sight of all, Vicercy, escort and Seasschal, Under the shades of the Almandral, Holding their secret, hard and fast,

Silent and grave, they rade at host Into the dusty-traveled past; Even like this they passed away Two hundred years ago to-day, What of the lady? Who shall say?

Do the scale of the dying ever years To some favored spot for the dust's return-For the homely sence of the family uvn?

I know not. Yet did the Seneschal, Chancing to after years to fail Piercen by a rigging masket-ball, Call to his side a trusty friar, And hid him assess as his last desire. To bear his corne to San Pedro's choir

At Leon, where 'nexth a shield azure Should his mortal frame find sepulture; This much for the pains Christ did endure.

Be sure that the triar loyally Fulfilled his trust by land and sea, Till the spices of Leon silently

Rose the ough the green of the Almandral I wot that the saints on either side

Leaned from their melies open-eyed, To see the door of the church awing wide-That the wounds of the Savior on either flank,

Bled fresh, as the mourners, rank by rank, Went by with the coffin, clank on clank-For why? Wash they raised the marb'e-door Of the temb untouched for years before, The friar swooned on the choir-floor;

For there, in her moss and fested dress, Lay the dead man's wife, her loveliness Scarcely changed by her long duress;

As on the night she had passed away— Only that near nee a dagger lay, With the written legend, "Por el Rey," What was their greeting—the groom and bride, They whem that steel and the years divide? I know not. Here they lie side by side, Side by side. Though the King has his way, Even the dead at fast have their day. Make you the inoral, " For et Rey,"

-Bret Harte, in the July Atlantic,

Friday morning, March 20, in latitude 9 deg. 56 min. north, longitude 65 deg. 5 min. east, we descried a sail in the horizon. Capt. Hardie at first thought it must be an Arabian dhow, but on close examination with his telescope he recognized it as a lug sail, commonly used in English boats. As we were 540 miles from Socrota, the nearest land, we knew that a ship's boat in that position must be in distress. The course of the steamer was at once changed. As we came nearer, we could see a man waving a pair of pantaloons, and two or three others rowing very feebly. In half an hour the boat was alongside. It proved to be a pinnace, about twenty feet long, with one side badly stove. There were five men in it dreadfully emaciated, and nearly as black as Arabs. A rope was tied to a life-buoy and thrown to them. They seized and held on to it as for As two of the poor fellows had not strength enough to climb the ladder, some of our sailors went down and lifted them tenderly on board. Their boat was quickly hoisted on deck, and we were again on our way, In half an hour, by the providence of God, our good ship had done what would far outweigh the profits of an entire

No sooner were they all on board, than the oldest of the five knelt down in their midst and offered a most touching prayer of thanksgiving for their great deliverance. Little did I think at the time that I had ever prayed with him before. But I learned that he was one of several with whom I had frequent Coloy," at Rio Janeiro, in 1863. Matly spread on the main hatch under the awning. Cold water and beef ten were sparingly administered, under the doctor's directions, with happy results, They had been tossing about in that open, leaky boat, exposed to storms and the fearful heat of the tropics, for thirfood and water for ten days. It was days that followed they had caught two barnacles from the bottom of the boat. They drank only sea-water, not a drop of rain falling. Of course they were frightfully reduced; their eyes were bloodshot and staring, their teeth prominent and of peculiar whiteness. One appeared to be an old man of 50 or 69. Eleven years ago I knew him to up to the dummy, exclaimed: be a lad of 17. The lips of the two boys were covered with bites which they themselves had made to moisten their mouths with the blood, and, more horrible still, the two older seamen had bitten each other's bodies in their delirious struggles. Had it not been for the constant necessity of bailing out able to keep them from killing each other.

For generosity and kindness to the unfortunate, commend me to these rough | the individual referred to. sons of the ocean. A few days' careful teer nurses brought them all around, though it was feared, at first, that one or two would not rally. From Mr. Web-ster and the others we learned the following facts:

twelve years owned in the United States, was sold a few months ago to a house in neighbor's wife, tripping out in her Greenock. She sailed from Shields night gown, with coal for Bombay, Sept. 11, 1873. Cant. Leslie was in command, with a crew of nineteen all told, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, smoke was discovered coming from the fore-hatch; every effort was made to save the ship, but she blew up Monday afternoon, in latitude 3 deg. and 30 min. north, longitude astern of the ship till Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, when the flames enveloped the whole vessel. Then the Captain cut away the boats from the ship and shaped their course for Cochin, 700 miles against the wind, to the northeast. The Captain and eight men had the long-boat; Mr. Ferguson, chief mate, and four men, the gig; Mr. Web ster, second mate, with two men and two boys, the pinnace. They all kept together until Friday night, when they lost sight of the Captain's boat. The second mate had a sextant, but no chart or compass, so that it was very necessarv for him to keep with the mate's boat. The next Monday night, however, the pinnace was stove by a heavy sea, board many things to lighten her; after this she would not go to windward, and on springs?" they soon lost sight of the mate. They mended the boat's side as well as they could, but she continued to leak badly. Mr. Webster kept the boat as close as Maldives.

in good health except the boy, and a notion to punch the stuffin out of thankful to God for His mercies." Two him." thankful to God for His mercies. days after Davis, one of the older sailors, proposed easting lots. The mate refused to have anything to do with it, and told them, as always afterward, that there should be no man cating in that boat while he lived. The same afternoon, while the mate was asleep, the four cast lots, and the short lot feil to the younger boy, Billy Honer. He preparing his knife to kill him, Davis hour, woke the mate and told him what they were going to do. Mr. Webster prevented him, and threw overboard all the knives but his own and the older poy's. After this he made Billy stay I eside him in the stern of the boat all the time. The two older sallers, Davis and Laytord, were much displeased, and thought themselves justified in planning the passionate temperament, mate's death; but the older boy Frank "What's this row." Stobie, whose parents live in North sharply. Attleboro', Mass., warned him. After that, the mate and the two boys kept alternate watches, so that the men parson taking the bass, and the outcould do nothing unobserved. They raged neighbor tearing up and down the occasionally saw a shark, but the heat was so intense that they spent much of the day in the water. They chewed lead to moisten their throats a little. that's robbed our gardens! What do They tried to eat their boots, but they | you mean, you miserable wretch?" he were too sait. Their oil-skins and some cried, and marching up he suddenly jelly-fish they dove for and dried, were seized the dummy by the coat collar,

too bitter and devoid of nourishment. Bible and Spurgeon's "Morning by weight into a jerk that would have Morning," and prayed with them every day. This always quieted the men for a time, but they would grow discon-

A THRILLING STORY OF THE SEA. tented and mutinous again, with spells he had been kicked by a lot full of of delirium. One day Davis swore he mules. would either kill the boy or sink the boat in twelve hours; he had already tried to do both, besides refusing to work repeatedly. The mate felt obliged to shoot him; he raised his gun and snapped it at him, but the cap did not explode. Two minutes after, just as he had put a fresh cap on, a bird flew by and he shot it dead. It was quickly di, vided and devoured, inwards, bones-and all but the feathers. Davis then returned to his duty. The day before they were rescued was the worst. Layford knocked off work, and, when the others upbraided him, told Davis that he wished he would kill him when he was asleep. "Very well," said Davis. A few minutes after Davis struck him twice on the head with a marlinspike : Layford drank it eagerly, giving Stobie a little. A struggle followed, in which the marlinspike was thrown overboard. Then they tried to kill each other by bruising and biting like wild beasts. Both were too weak to succeed. When kansas, exhausted they would ask forgiveness, shake hands and kiss each other. Soon the delirium would return, and they would begin again. The next day would have decided the fate of one or two, probably, had they not been picked up. The other two boats landed safely.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

That was a pleasant device which old Mr. Dusenbury employed to rid his berry-patch of robins. Having formerly been a clothier, he fished from his gar religious services on the ship "Gardner | ret a dilapidated old dummy which had once seen better days and clothes, and tresses, pillows and blankets were quick- turned the susceptible heart of many a near-sighted damsel; and rigging some arms upon it he clad it in faded garments, cocked a disreputable-looking hat on its head, and stood it up in the

middle of his patch. Hi= facetious neighbor on the right, having noticed this ingenious contrity-two days. They had to start with vance, conceived the idea of removing it from Dusenbury's garden and secretly made to last twenty. During the twelve | placing it in the garden of the neighboron-the-left, who was likewise in a state birds, four small flying-fish and a few of chronic madness on account of the nightly depredations of robins. This done, the neighbor-on-the-right, after kicking up a rumpus sufficient to disturb the sleep of a munmy, hid himself behind a tree near by and awaited developments. The neighbor-on-the-left came prancing out, and marching furiously

'You thieving old rascal, Joe Peasley, I've got you now! I'll fix you, you infernal seoundril! What d'ye mean by stealin' into my garden at this hour of night, you low-lived, white-livered, underhanded, old blackguard?"

The neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, instead of enjoying this, jumped the boat, Mr. Webster, the officer in charge, thinks he would have been unwas not pleasant to be mistaken for a scarecrow and accused of stealing garden sauce at the same time. His name was Joseph Peasley, and he was

The dummy said nothing. A gentle attendance from the doctor and volun- breeze from the east turned it half around, neighbor-on-the-left continued : "I know you, you ole scoundril. You needn't pull your hat down over yer eyes. I saws yer, and I knows yer. Ha! ha! you mizzable sneak. Now The ship "Arracan," built and for you'll dance to me, darn yer." "Who is it?" shricked the injured

> "Who is it?" yelled back her husband, warming up by the reinforce-

"Joe Peasley, blast his picture, the consommurnit ole hog." "O-o-o-o-h, Joe Peasley! you mean, dishonest, sneakin' thing," struck up the woman, shaking her fist at the in-66 east. They kept their boats towing necent form, "to think that you'd be caught a-stealin' my husband's garden sass. I knowed you was a mean man when you turned your wife outdoors and whipped your little baby to death, and stoned your poor old grandmother, and pizened Uncle Dusenbury's hens, and now you're stealin' garden sass, and you're ketched, and you'll be hung. I wish I had my hands on your face, I'd seratch your wicked old head off." This must have been pleasant for

Peasley behind the tree. "See how he hangs his head!" she

added, triumphantly.
"I should think he'd hang the whole length of him," rejoined her husband; "Why don't you speak, you thievin' ole blaggard? Haint you got no so that they were obliged to throw over- tongue or sense or manners nor nothin' -wheelin' around as if you wuz hung

"What's the matter?" inquired a parson's.

"Matter!" shricked the angry man he could to the wind, and hoped, how at the new-comer, "matter enough, I vainly he did not know, to make the think. I've caught Joe Peasley a-pickin' my melons and pullin' my cabbages up. March 9, he wrote, "Divided the See the sneakin burglar!" fiendishly last morsel of bread between us. All he cried, pointing at the form. "I've

Unfortunately for Mr. Peasley's reputation, a balmly zephyr turned the figure slowly about in a quiet manner. "Joseph," put in the pious man, addressing the scare-crow mournfully, "I am grieved to find you thus circumstance. It pains me deeply to see this damning evidence of your guilt. Remember, however, my friend, that there went apart to say his prayers, but after is even repentance at the eleventh

"Nearer half-past twelve," snarled neighbor-on-the-left. At this point another party appeared. Through the gloom of the night it was bary, who, hearing loud talking, was

coming to learn the cause. He was a

large, corpulent man, of a hasty and "What's this row?" he asked They told him in chorus sweet and strong, the lady reaching high C, the

whole gamut in the operation. "What do you say?" roared Dusenbury, livid with rage; "Joe Peasley seated his heels in a potato hill, and Mr. Webster read to them from the cast his whole strength and tremendous

Neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, stuffed his hat in his mouth and executed a sort of weird hornpipe, with

some extraordinary steps in it.
"Take him off! take him off! He's
choking me," yelled Dusenbury, kicking and sprawling as if the heavens had all fallen on him.

"No, he ain't a-chokin'of yereither," cried the neighbor-on-the-left in his physician. From the blood we derive our ear, helping him to his feet. ear, helping him to his feet.

"Where is he?" asked Dusenbury, in a tremulous tone, when he had regained his perpendicular.
"Here he is," responded a faint and

gloomy voice from a distance. "You've boned him in your wrath, my friend, and plucked his skeleton from his quivering body. Heaven help us! how he the blood gushed out, and Davis and rattles," and the parson was seen slowly parel as disordered as the State of Ar-

> "That!" exclaimed Dusenbury, picking it up, "That!" he roared, glaring around, "That concern!" he thundered; "why, that's my scare-erow, you miserable fools!"

"Scare-crow!" shouted the others, in amazement, insanely scanning the re-

Neighbor-on-the-right, behind the tree, had crammed the whole of his hat in his month and was following it up with his fists.

"Yes, scare-crow!" repeated Dusenbury, with a withering sucer; and he gave the thing a savage twitch that made it snap like a shower of torpedoes but as they all require for their cure very on a slate roof; "and you egregious similar treatment, it is of no practical utility blockheads velling here at it, and Joe Peasley asleep in his bed! Come here, you blasted old rain," he concluded, swinging the dummy flercely upon his back, and stalking madly home.

"Git into the house, you drivellin' idit," screamed neighbor-on-the-left, turning fiercely at his wife; and, driving his fists down into his trousers' pockets, he dismatly followed her in. "I'm charmed he didn't bone him," thoughtfully murmured the parson, as, with his long ghastly fore-finger on his

chin, he solemnly withdrew.
"Quite a little zircus!" observed Joseph (the neighbor-on-the-right), blithely skipping away from behind the tree, his thumbs high up in his vest, and his fingers gyrating in a curious

The next day it was all over town .-Danbury News.

No More Drowning.

A new invention has just been tried in Paris which is pronounced to render drowning a thing of the past. It consists in the employment of a pneumatic India-rubber tube, rolled around the body with a sufficient number of folds to contain the necessary amount of air. This tube is placed concealed in a double envelope forming a shirt. It terminates by a mouthpiece which shuts with the aid of a simple copper button. The operation is simple in the extreme, and Baths, when the inventor, M. Gosselin, showed its properties. He stood upment, for he was getting out of breath; right, the hands raised above the head, when the water did not come above the shoulders; he then floated on his back with arms crossed. The apparatus can be worn under the clothes like a flannel waist-coat. It extends from the neck to the knees, fastened in front by a row of buttons. It is composed of a double flannel, in the midst of which an Indiarubber tube circulates, starting from the top of the chest, ascending the left side of the neck, and following the central line of the back; there it divides in two branches, encircling the thighs as far as the knees. From the central part of the principal tube twelve to fifteen lesser tubes diverge to make the round of the body, and meet in front where the row of buttons is. This improvement of the life-belt is said to be certain to supersede all existing appliances in teaching swimming or saving life from shipwreck.

Something Besides Instinct.

Two rats performed a feat ingenious. A trap which was baited for their capture was habitually plundered without securing a single rat. They had evistrange voice, which proved to be the dently invented some plan for safely stealing away the bait, and what the plan was could only be learned by setting a watch on the trap. We shall explain how the theft was effected. The trap was of the kind which is sometimes employed for catching mice. It was a box with a sliding door which was sustained by mechanism connected with it; the bait being nibbled at the door descends and makes the mouse a prisoner. The rats saw through the device, and resorted to the following very simple but effectual method of taking away the bait, which was a piece of toasted cheese, and yet escape imprisonment. One of them placed itself under the door, so that it might fall on its back, while the other crept in and successfully carried off the morsel of cheese. The first rat then withdrew itself from undea the door and joined its companion. This demonstration of rat intelligence is of recent occurrence. -- Chambers' Journal.

Selling Short on Bourbon.

A familiar scene in 200 or 300 new drinking-saloons that would be opened in case No License should carry, would be something like this -the boys have it all put up : Thirsty Customer-Mr. Barkeeper,

what will five gallons and a gill of your best whisky cost? Mr. B.—\$30.25.
T. C.—Cheap enough. I'll take it.
Demijohn is handed down; T. C.

takes a nip, smacks his lips, and informs Mr. B. that on the whole he will not keep the balance, and suggests that Mr. B. shall buy it back. Mr. B., always ready for a bargain. offers \$30.10 for it, which offer T. C. accepts, paying the 15 cents difference. You see, "sells short" on Bourbon, "seller

Diseases of the Blood.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the VPENDARY, Buffalo, N. Y. Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ringworms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncies, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scarf, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores and Swellings. "The blood is the life." This is as true as

a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every

source is corrupted the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes.

From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our consti-

tutions and our powers of endurance and the withstanding of disease-producing agencies with impunity, depend largely upon the con-dition in which our blood is kept. If it holds in suspension or solution vile festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. rattles," and the parson was seen slowly and cautiously dragging the dummy through the garden towards them, every wire in its anatomy straightened, its back broken, and its wearing apparel as disordered as the State of Armore especially does this apply at this particular season of the year. When you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or any Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or ex-citing cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifatious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the poxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authorities describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how lest to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describs various kinds of Scrofulous Sores, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Ulcers of varying appearance; but as all these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by unif rm means, I deem such a course nanecessary. Thoroughly cleanes the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and

good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us.

The liver is the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system. Set this great "housekeeper" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this curpose my Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellots are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor (except cancer), from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcors kindly heal

under their mighty curative influence.
Eularged Glands, Tumors and Swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influ-ence of these great resolvents. The system being put under their influence for a few weeks, the skin becomes clear, smooth, soft and velvety, and, being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory.

The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no mat-ter how good the remedy employed. The cure of all these diseases, however, is with the use of these most potent agents only a matter

I do not wish to place my Golden Medical Discovery in the catalegue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor do I so recommend it; on the the swimmer or immersed person has enough air for a whole day. When the apparatus comes to diminish in volume, it is easy to expand it again by the principal tube in deep water without any difficulty. The trial was witnessed the other day at the Henry the Fourth of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. Blood medicines that are advertised to cure cancer should be looked upon with suspicion. They never can

Most medicines which are advertised as blood-purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercary in some form or poussium and odine variously combined. All of these agents have a strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and

should, therefore, be discarded.

My Golden Medical Discovery, on the other band, being composed of fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthenin and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood-jurifier, is a remedy of Birly y-ars ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical became medical investigation and discovery have brought to light.

Both Discovery and Pellets are sold by all first-class druggists in all parts of the world.

DOCTORS COULDN'T HELP HIM.

JOHN A. WILSON, Esq., Meigsville, Morgan county, O., writes: When I was 12 or 15 years of age, I took what is called King's Evil or Scrofula, and, by constant doctoring, it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I sent ten miles for the first bottle of your Discovery, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am 28 years old, and doctored with five doctors; not one of them helped me so much as one bottle of your Discovery. I am well and able to do a good day's SALT RHEUM AND ERUPTIONS CURED.

Mrs. A. W. Williams, Claverack, Columbia ounty, N. Y., writes: I had been afflicted county, N. Y., writes: I had been amicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a great many years, until I bought your Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulder to my hands I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was also sfilicted with Ethenmatism, so that I walked only with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured.

J. M. Robinson, West Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872, writes: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your great Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicing. one. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS can be shown at the World's Dispensary, Buffallo, N. Y., expressing the gratitude of those who have been cured by the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, of all forms of Blood Discases affecting the Skin, Throat and Bones.

WILHOFT'S TONIC is not a panacea-is not a cure for everything, but is a catholicon for matarious diseases, and day by day adds fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. Engoged Livers and Spicens, along the shady banks of our lakes and rivers, are restored to banks of our lakes and rivers, are restored to their healthy and normal secretions. Health and vigor follow its use, and Chills have taken their departure from every household whore Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic is kept and taken. Don't fail to try it. WHERLOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Summer in Minnesota

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